Pal. You have made me
(I thanke you Coſen *Arcite*) almoſt wanton
With my Captivity: what a miſery
It is to live abroade? and every where:
Tis like a Beaſt me thinkes: I finde the Court here,
I am ſure a more content, and all thoſe pleaſures
That wooe the wils of men to vanity,
I ſee through now, and am ſufficient
To tell the world, tis but a gaudy ſhaddow,
That old Time, as he paſſes by takes with him,
What had we bin old in the Court of *Creon*,
Where ſin is Iuſtice, luſt, and ignorance,
The vertues of the great ones: Coſen *Arcite*,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us
We had died as they doe, ill old men, unwept,
And had their Epitaphes, the peoples Curſes,
Shall I ſay more?

Arc. I would heare you ſtill.

Pal. Ye ſhall.
Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better then we doe *Arcite*?

Arc. Sure there cannot.

Pal. I doe not thinke it poſſible our friendſhip
Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deathes it cannot

Enter Emilia and her woman.

And after death our ſpirits ſhall be led
To thoſe that love eternally. Speake on Sir.
This garden has a world of pleaſures in't.

Emil. What Flowre is this?

Wom. Tis calld Narciſſus Madam.

Emil. That was a faire Boy certaine, but a foole,
To love himſelfe, were there not maides enough?

Arc. Pray forward.

Pal. Yes.

Emil. Or were they all hard hearted?

Wom. They could not be to one ſo faire.

Emil. Thou wouldſt not.

Wom.

Wom. I thinke I ſhould no
Emil. That's a good wen
But take heede to your kindne
Wom. Why Madam?
Emil. Men are mad things
Arcite. Will ye goe forwa
Emil. Canſt not thou work
Wom. Yes.
Emil. Ile have a gowne fu
This is a pretty colour, wilt n
Rarely upon a Skirt wench?
Wom. Deinty Madam.
Arc. Coſen, Coſen, how d
Pal. Never till now I was i
Arc. Why whats the matt
Pal. Behold, and wonder.
By heaven ſhee is a Goddeſſe.
Arcite. Ha.
Pal. Doe reverence.
She is a Goddeſſe *Arcite*.
Emil. Of all Flowres.
Me thinkes a Roſe is beſt.
Wom. Why gentle Madam
Emil. It is the very Emblen
For when the weſt wind court
How modeſtly ſhe blowes, an
With her chaſte bluſhes? When
Rude and impatient, then, like
Shee lockes her beauties in her
And leaves him to baſe briers.
Wom. Yet good Madam,
Sometimes her modeſty will b
She fals for't: a Mayde
If ſhee have any honour, would
To take example by her.
Emil. Thou art wanton.
Arc. She is wondrous faire
Pal. She is all the beauty ex

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